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"Platinum Bill"

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DAWSON BY AURORA BOREALIS. The Aurora, he says, is electrical force: in straight lines and in circles it runs. Page33.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY "PLATINUM BILL"

Author of "The Battle Cry of Peace," Military March Song;
"The Flag Our Fathers Flew," "New War Songs
and Other Poems," and

"AFTER TWELVE YEARS"
A Thrilling Romance of the Trails and Trials of the Far North

---

ILLUSTRATED

With Fotografs

By J. DOODY, THE SOURDOUGH FOTOGRAFER

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Portland, Oregon.

TO

THE OLD SOURDOUGHS

And Especially

to the Memory of those who have

MUSHED ON,

This volume is Dedicated

As a Tribute to True Friendship.

953
S6695
und

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This little volume is designed to perpetuate those stories of the Far North which will interest both the Old Sourdough and his very numerous friends "outside," all the poems being founded on facts and actual occurrences and embodying true stories of the pioneers of the polar regions.

Many of these occurrences are reminiscences of the early days, though some of them are of more recent occurrence.

The characters are all well known in the North, and many of them are still living there, while some of them have "mushed on" to the Golden Shore across the Great Divide.

The illustrations shown are of actual people and places in the North, and the pictures of the Midnight Sun and Dawson by Light of the Aurora Borealis, by Jerry Doody, the Sourdough Fotografer, are really wonderful reproductions, and triumphs of the fotografic art. The Aurora scene is the only successful foto ever taken of this remarkable phenomena and Bro. Doody is certainly to be congratulated on his success.

With this brief explanation and the hope that my readers will overlook my literary inefficiency in the pleasure of finding their old friends perpetuated in these pages, both in verse and picture, and not criticise my efforts too severely, I consign myself to obscurity and this little volume to the tender mercies of the public.

THE AUTHOR.

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M315145

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GLOSSARY OF TERMS

AURORA—Northern Lights. An electric atmospheric phenomena that as yet scientists have been unable to satisfactorily explain.

BEANS—Chips or markers used in a card game.

BENCH CLAIM—A claim on the hillside.

BOYLE'S GUN CORPS—Fifty men who were armed, equipped and sent to the front in the present war by the Canadian Klondyke Mining Co., of which J. W. Boyle is the active head in this country.

CACHE—A place to store or keep anything. A safe place.

CARIBOO—An animal of the deer tribe found all over the northern part of the continent. Larger than the deer; not so large as the elk, though more resembling the latter.

CHECHACO—One who has not wintered in the country.

DREDGE—A mammoth dredging machine with which most of the mining operations in the north are now carried on.

DUST—Fine particles of placer gold.

FAKEERS—Priests of the mountain tribes of Northern India.

GEE POLE—A pole attached to a dog sled, by which it is steadied and guided.

GOLDEN RULE—Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

GOOGS—The local term expressive of the Guggenheim interests, which are unspeakably immense all over the North on both sides of the boundary line.

GREAT WHOLE—The author's conception of the Supreme Power or Being—the Creator.

HOOCH—Liquor. Originally applied to a home made article in that line, to which the early day miner resorted when no other was available. Usually made from potatoes and sometimes from the peelings alone as a matter of economy, potatoes in that country frequently being as high as 14 cents a pound even at the present day.

HUSKIES—A breed of dogs peculiar to the Northern country, of wonderful strength and endurance and excellent sleigh dogs.

HYAS—Chinook Indian jargon for Great. Chinook is not really an Indian language, but a jargon introduced by the Jesuit Priests and Hudson's Bay Factors many years ago. It is made up partly of words from our own, some from the French, some Indian and some that can not be classed as words of any language. It was used by the early pioneers as a medium of communication with all the different tribes.

HYDRO-GIANT—A hydraulic swivel nozzle of large size. Usually throws a four to six-inch stream of water under immense pressure, which rapidly washes away large hills and even mountains. The dirt and water are led into a flume or sluice, where the gold is caught in the riffles and saved.

INSIDE—Refers always to the northern country with the exception of the coast towns.

ICE POOLS—Pools are made on the minute at which the ice in the river will start to move in the spring. They range from 25c, which is the smallest coin in the country, to as high as $100.00 on each minute. A rope is fastened to a stake out in the river channel and also to a whistle on shore. An electric connection from the whistle also stops a clock and on this the pool is paid. If all minutes are taken a dollar pool thus wins $60.00; $5.00 pool, $300, etc.

LAY—To work ground on shares is called working on a lay.

LAW-HITCHED—Legally married.

LOST CHANNEL—The pay streak, or dirt that carries the gold disappears in some cases and cannot be followed and is then referred to in this manner.

MUCKER—A ne'er-do-well.

MUCKLUKS—Indian boots, made of skins.

MUSH—To travel on foot. To go ahead, when used in addressing a dog or dog team.

NUGGETS—Coarse pieces of placer gold.

OUTSIDE—Anywhere south of the 55th degree of latitude. Usually referring to the coast cities.

PAY—The dirt and gravel which carries the gold in placer form.

PIONEER DAY—The anniversary of the discovery of gold at Dawson. August 17.

POKE—A leather bag or pouch, usually of buckskin, for holding gold dust and nuggets, or money.

RAY—Dr. Hayden claims that each mineral gives out a different "ray" which he claims to have invented a machine to record.

RIFFLES—Obstructions, usually placed crosswise, though sometimes lengthwise, of a sluice box, to catch the gold.

SKAGTOWN—The city of Skaguay, Alaska.

SKOOKUM—Chinook for strong.

SLUICE—A box-like affair of boards with riffles in the bottom to catch the gold. A large head of water is then run through the sluice, which is set at such an angle as to cause the current to be very swift, and the pay dirt, or pay as it is called, is then shoveled into the sluice

and the swift running water carries the dirt and stones to the tailing pile and the gold is caught in the riffles and saved.

SOURDOUGH—A person who has seen the river freeze up in the fall and open the following spring. Originally used to designate those who used sour dough instead of yeast to make bread in the early days.

SPUDS—Potatoes.

SQUAW-MAN—A white man who has married or lived with a squaw. A term of reproach.

SUMMIT—The dividing line between Alaska and the Yukon Territory, at the summit of the White Pass, 18 miles from Skaguay, Alaska.

SUN ROUND LIKE A MILL—In the Northland in summer the sun rises in the North, or nearly so, at nine in the morning it is in the East, at noon in the South, at three o'clock in the west and sets very nearly in the North for from one to several hours according to the date. On the 21st of June it does not set at all to points north of the Arctic Circle.

TAILINGS or TAILING PILE—The refuse from the lower end of the sluice boxes. Pay dirt from which the gold has been removed.

TRAIL—Footpath; sometimes a road.

VIRGIN GROUND—Ground that has never been prospected.

YUKON ORDER OLD PIONEERS—A secret society composed of men who were within the watershed of the Yukon river on or before June 1st, 1899. Lodge No. 1 is located at Dawson as is also the Grand Lodge. There is a lodge at Seattle and several scattered through the inside country.

LOVE IS GOD.

With all my heart I love you, dear;
Your presence thrills my very soul.
I always feel, when you are near,
That life 's complete—that e'en the hole
Where Cupid's arrow pierced my heart
Is necessary to my life—
Tho Heaven's gates stood wide apart
I could not enter—'thout my wife.

II.

Thro countless aeons have I known,
It seems to me, that soul Divine;
And, soul to soul, we've closer grown
Since e'er I first knew you were mine.
Thro countless aeons yet we'll roam
And you will still my life inspire,
And when the Master calls us home
To where I'll play on tuneful lyre—

III.

Still will my soul sing songs of praise
To that Great Whole of which we're part;
Still will my voice an anthem raise
To hour that gave to me the heart
So full of music, art and love,
That even were I but a clod
My songs would pierce blue Heaven above—
My inspiration—Love is God.

Without diggin' gold never was found—Page 11.

BOOST.

This country 's been good to you, pard,
Far better 'n so called civ'lization,
So why do you knock it so hard
'Stead o' boostin' to beat tarnation?
You've never gone hungry in here;
At workin' you're not over zealous;
You've money to buy wine and beer;
Your poke 'd make a mizer get jealous.

II.

Why do you tell the chechaco,
From the moment he opens the door,
If ever you do outside go
That you'll never come back any more?
This country aint worked out, pardner.
There's much virgin ground yet will prove good;
There's creeks that aint been prospected;
An' there's game in a plenty, for food.

III.

Then, there's quartz, silver an' copper,
Sayin' nothin' o' platinum 'n tin,
An' mostly, plenty of water
Fer the prospector 't tries fair ter win.
You say our quartz aint wuth minin'—
That it all pinches out, soon or late?

This Country 's Been Good to You, Pard.

Gold never yet came from nothin',
It is me as is here fer to state.

IV.

Gold has been found here a plenty,
An' it didn't come down from the sky.
You're young, if you are thrice twenty.
Don't give up, but have just one more try.

Try boostin' instead o' knockin'.
Without diggin' gold never was found.
Then, when you hang up your stockin'
Mebbe Santa 'll fill 't out o' the ground.

V.

The booster makes friends all 'round 'im
That 'll mush with him many a mile,
But the cuss that always knocks, Jim,
Why, they don't think his comp'ny's wuth while.
Get up a name as a booster,
An' then boost, every chance that you get.
Crow, tho you crow like a rooster,
An' you'll soon have a flock, you can bet.

VI.

There's naught gained yourself or your friends, pard,
By your constantly knockin' this land.
There's still good pay, if you work hard,
An' you'll win yet—you've sure got the sand.
Boost, an' the hull world boosts with you,
But the knocker folks soon leave alone.
Keep a knockin' an' some day you'll rue,
So don't be a dark horse, be a roan.

VII.

For the roan, they say, never tires;
He's there till the end of the race.
The feller 't wants men never fires
Any man that's always at his place,

Now don't get nasty an' hateful,
For this country's been good to you, pard.
You wouldn't be thot ungrateful?
Well, then, boost, BOOST, an' boost good an' hard.

VIII.

Outside you'd soon find the bread line
An' before you'd been there very long,

Sinking a Shaft. Boiler used to Thaw the Ground.

Lookin' up some o' yer fren's fine
To be helpin' you back, on a song;
Or workin' yer passage to Skagtown
An' mush-on down the trail, lookin' wise;
Siwashin' the winter trail down,
So why can't you quit tellin' these lies.

IX.

Then, when you got back, you'd boost, pard,
You'd be tellin' how tough 'tis outside;
You found that the eats came so hard
That you COULDN'T live there, if you tried;

Knew that inside you'd have plenty,
An' that e'en tho the winters ARE long,
Knew that if you needed twenty,
You could get it, 'thout singin' a song.

X.

So boost, an' stay while you're here, pard,
An' take warnin' from others, who've tried
The outside, an' found it was hard,
Comin' back here a swallowin' pride.
That here, as Pat says, 'tis aisy
To be livin' the best in the land,
E'en if you ARE a bit lazy,
So fer boostin' hereafter you'll stand.

THE PASSING OF BARNEY M'GEE.

Now Barney Magee was a name that was known
From Whitehorse to Dawson, from Fairbanks to Nome;
For true prince of the blood was this big man so bold—
O'er six feet in his stockings and sixty years old;
And a man who in union believed there was strength,
Until one of his own he accomplished at length.

II.

Now Hyas Skookum Chief was the title he held,
Who so firm and so solid this union did weld;
And, as proudly he'd gloat o'er the candidate bold
Who, unwary, invaded his sacred stronghold,
He'd then call in his henchmen and quick bar the door,
And straightway the poor candidate place on the floor.

III.

Then they'd solemnly sit on this newly found case
And determine with speed both his name and his race;
When a vote then they'd take—without fail they'd elect—
And so then the poor candidate, out of respect

Rocking for Gold. The Old Hand Method.

For the "Powers that Be," in this union so strong,
Must a story tell, buy a drink, else sing a song.

IV.

So then quickly they'd issue full membership card
And Chief Barney'd then call upon Lardis, the guard,
To quick serve refreshments to the candidate bold,
And his poke then they'd lighten, some dollars, I'm told.

Then they'd "Hail to the candidate," "Hail to the Chief,"
Who has ne'er felt approaching the sere yellow leaf.

V.

So the union has flourished, grown old, and waxed strong,
And, though many years passed, Barney does not belong
To the crowd whose "heads hang down," still proudly he'll hold
His square chin in the air, like a brave knight of old.
But at last he's decided the "outside" he'd see
And he'd gather fresh pointers on "how to brew tea."

VI.

So no more he'll be seen in this favorite role,
Will this genial gentleman, big hearted soul;
For he's rawnching, you see, "chasing chickens" by now;
And if you'd learn rawnching, he'll sure teach you how:
For the union's gone busted; Chief Barney, I fear,
O'er the squaws left behind him sheds never a tear.

VII.

So a slab we'll inscribe with his name, and the date
When he passed out so quiet and quick shut the gate;

They'd hail to the candidate,—page 16.

The Native Son. Page 18.

Left the union to mourn its Hyas Skookum Chief,
Tho he still wont acknowledge the sere yellow leaf;
And a badge of deep mourning all squaws now must wear:
Hyas Skookum Chief Barney, he sure was a bear.

MY MAN.

(Written as a companion piece to R. W. Service's "Squaw Man.")

The pale moon's shining brightly
And the breezes whisper lightly
Through the wind-harp spruce boughs of a Rocky Mountain dell;
And a lonely squaw sits waiting
While a basket she is plaiting,
As she's waiting, with a patience no white tongue could ever tell—
Who's she waiting for?—"My Man."

II.

Thro' no courtship was she won.
Daughters of the Native Son
Do not expect the courtship fair sisters love so well.
Tho' she heard no wedding march;
Tho' she'd never seen a church;
She's "his till death" as surely as tho blessed by wedding bell.
Calls him husband? No—"My Man."

III.

Hundreds of miles her bridal tour;
A dog team for her coach and four;
Her footman at the gee pole mushed, o'er many weary miles:
Blankets and skins her wedding gown;
Mukluks for shoes, with beads from town;
All fashioned in a hand-made way—'twas far from London style.
Who's the bridegroom? Just—"My Man."

IV.

He's a king, a hero, bolder
Than all the knights of old were,
In her untutored, love blind eyes, as she scans him, toe to crown.
He's skillful with the paddle;
He's a Centaur in the saddle;
His raw skins all the primest when the fur man comes to town.
Who is he? Only just—"My Man."

V.

When he migrates to the town
She will patiently sit down
And wait his coming home to her, chock full of hooch and beer;

And her baskets she will plait,
Even tho' the hour is late,
And scorn white sister's sympathy, who tries her lot to cheer;
For she's proud of him—"My Man."

VI.

In town he's "but a squaw-man";
But to her, tho all the world ran

And Stake us out a Claim.

Past in panoram, she'd ne'er see his equal nor his peer;
And altho, when he's in town,
She well knows that he'll put down
Many glasses of the hooch that she has learned so well to fear,
Still she answers—"He's My Man."

VII.

In the grey dawn he will come,
Suff'ring woefully from rum;
With smell of hooch and dance hall perfumes telling of his night.
Yet she'll nurse him with the care
That his mother would, if there,
Never thinking that HIS actions could be anything but right.
You ask her why?—"He's My Man."

VIII.

Oh, ladies fair that we have known
Beyond the glare of tinsel town!
When painted Jesebels have held YOUR "law-hitched" man in thrall;
Do you think that you could then—
Knowing well where he has been—
Should gossips ask you, bravely shield him—answer, one and all,
"Mind your business. He's MY MAN."

THE CHECHACO GIRL.

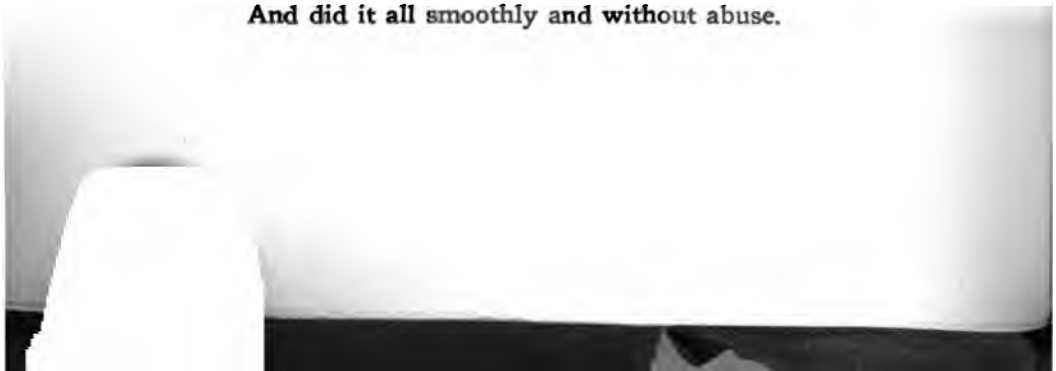
A girl from old England came into the Yukon
The country to see and her fortune to make.
She had lived in big houses in "Merrie old England,"
Still she came to the Yukon to earn a grubstake.

II.

With eyes that were dark, fearless, frolicsome, wholesome;
A smile that was winsome, free given to all;
A carriage at once that was stately and lissome;
Her hair tightly coiled in a neat little ball.

III.

She soon was ensconsed in a snug situation,
Where old country ways she did quick introduce;
Made butler, cook, housemaid, each keep their station,
And did it all smoothly and without abuse.



IV.

All the young men of town she soon had around her;
She scorned their advances, while accepting their gift.
She swore that she never would marry a rounder,
And then she decided she'd give them a lift.

V.

She smiled on them all as they gathered around her,
And eyes of the goo goo brand deftly she'd slip;
And soft, honeyed phrases she gently would murmur,
But never a kiss could they press on her lip.

VI.

With chewing gum, candy, fruit, theatre tickets,
They showered this girlie from over the sea;
One after another they all got the ricketts,
From dancing attendance on fair Miss Marie.

VII.

Of pitcher and well there's an old and trite saying
She'll do well to think of while playing this game.
After too many trips the pitcher gets broken
And no longer'll hold anything—men are the same.

VIII.

They soon tire of girls who take all and give nothing
Save goo goo eyes, smiles, and a nod on the street;
Who like a good supper, with wine that is frothing,
Then quickly forget, as a new friend they greet.

IX.

As time passes, chechaco's changed to a sourdough;
From girl to old-maidenhood's not a far cry.
Said one to another, after she'd bade them go,
She's only a flirt, sure not worth a try.

X.

For our men of the Northland love like a lion
And woo with a fierceness that brooks no defeat;
But, once branded flirt, there is never a scion
Of Northland she ever could draw to her feet.

XI.

Chechaco no longer, her days now are lonely,
No longer she has twenty strings to her beaux.
Flirtation days past, she now thinks that the only
Truth left in the world is, "we reap as we sow."

And on the Creeks they stopped—page 30.

THE DOWNFALL OF SOLO BILL.

Now Solo Bill came down the hill
From bench claim Number Three
Determined that he'd drink his fill—
And king of solo be.
But when he'd hoisted in a few
At Lockie's corner bar,
He then decided mountain dew
Was much too tame, by far.

II.

At table round he then sat down—
He'd cashed his check, you see;
And vowed he'd play till break of day
But winner he would be.
Then came along the music man,
With fingers soft and white
That swiftly o'er the iv'ries ran—
He's not on shift tonight.

III.

And quickly, when he joined the game,
Bill's stack of chips grew tall,
Till Carp got up and changed his seat—
His back against the wall.
"No more you'll lead thro me," he cried,
"You can not play the game."
But Bill, with growing stack, replied,
"Of you'll I'll say the same."

IV.

So, hour by hour, the game went on
With varying success;
Bill piled more chips his stack upon,
While Carpenter's grew less,
Till Fred picked up a hand at last;
Decided that he'd frog;
For now, you see, when Bill had passed,
He thot, I'm lucky dog.

V.

But Carpenter looked up and smiled;
"I'll solo, hearts," he said.
They played the hand, and Carp, he piled
High up, his stack of red.
"Now who can't play the game?" said he,
"A workman by his chips
Is judged." Bill came back quick, with glee,
"A driver by his whips.

VI.

"I'll whip you quickly into line
When Fred is leading thro;
Your solo then wont look so fine;
The hand WONT be 'all blue.'
Your lonely ten, you see, we'll get,
While ours we'll surely save."
And when he wanted, then, to bet,
Some little odds they gave.

VII.

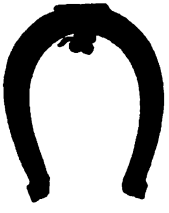
The game waxed fast and furious;
Of drinks they'd not a few;
And had the hooch been spurious,
Instead of mountain dew,
My story, I regret to say,
Need never have been told,
Of how Bill lost the game that day
Thro being overbold.

VIII.

Carp dealt the cards, Fred frog'd, you see,
And Lochlan, canny Scot,
Look'd o'er his hand—"Solo myself
And rake in that fat pot;
If not I'll go upon the shelf
And stay there till I rot."

IX.

The cards broke very hard that time;
They each had missing suits,
And hard it is to put in rhyme
Of that hand, the sad fruits;
For Bill had gone clean broke that day
On solo hearts, you see,
And hadn't beans enough to pay
The players, one, two, three.



THE AUTO CRAZE STRIKES DAWSON.

(These cars are actually being driven today in Dawson by the Old Sourdoughs named)

Now Murray Eads, he drives a Ford,
Good Doctor Gillis, too,
And Billy Armstrong's Overland
Will carry quite a few.
The Guggies' Loco'bile and Zust,
When Georgie Potter drives,
Make "Bal" and "Billie" take the dust,
Unless they risk their lives.

II.

And Pretty, with his little Metz,
Joe Boyle declared he'd race.
The little "Bean," however, gets
Away at such a pace,
When Tip O'Neill they overtook,
And left him on their right,
They passed him in a cloud of dust,
Just like a streak of light.

III.

Rystogi, in his Overland,
Dick Lanning, in his Stude;
McCarthy's Ford was well in hand,
Till J. J.'s Indian slewed
In front of Titus, and 'twas there
That driving skill was shown;
But safely soon they all reached Bear,
Eight miles from Dawson town.

IV.

Gus Johnson's Ford was out of gas;
McCowan picked a nail,
But Smithy's Hupp had room to pass,
E'en tho 'twas narrow trail.
When Charlie Dolan's rotary
At last arrived in town,
McGill (Overland votary)
Declared he'd run him down.

V.

So first they oiled up well their throats—
Engines were running fine—
Then donned their classy motor coats,
And started down the line.
But Emil, with Pick's Mitchell Six,
They chanced to overtake—
They quickly passed, and on the creeks
They stopped, their thirst to slake.

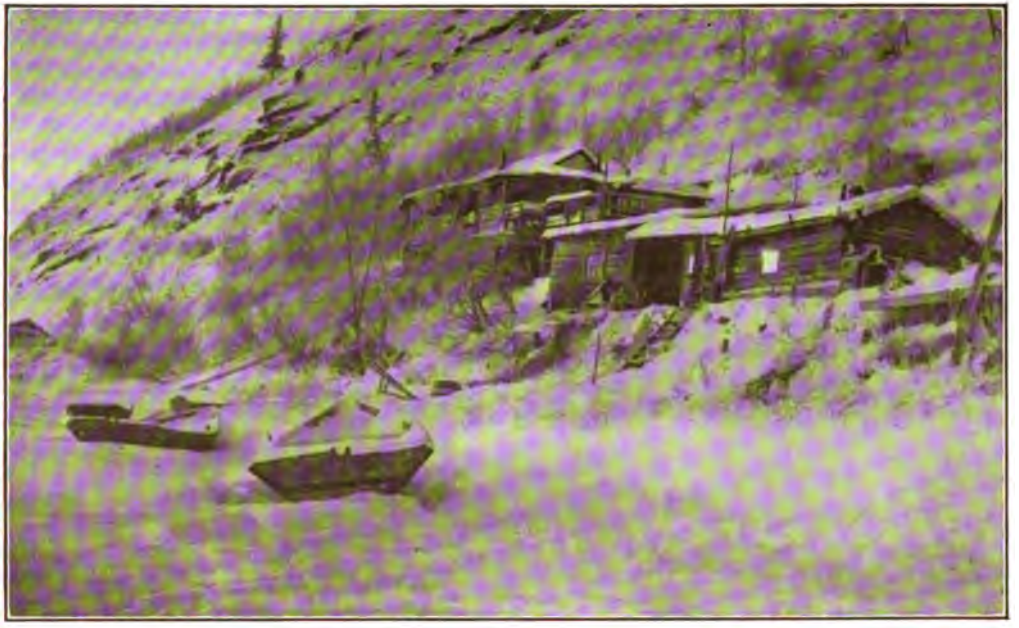
VI.

Joe Segbers, as McGill's best man,
Enjoyed the ride that night,
Till in the postoffice they ran
And quickly doused the light.
Philp, too, in Metz, the road doth cruise,
And nightly takes the air;
Doc. LaChapelle, with coach dog, Bruce,
Makes calls on Patients fair.

VI.

Thus do the Dawson auto cranks
In swift procession run,
With frequent stops, to fill their tanks,
Thro Summer's long days' sun;
Nor in the Winter hesitate
The snowy trail to try;
However low be the tanks' state,
Their throats will not go dry.

Dr Hayden, author, scientist and explorer. A brilliant man. Photo by Adams.



While Winter spreads white robe-de-nuit and Jack Frost nips our nose—page 52.

With the hidden deposits of mineral ore,
And lost channels 'neath mountains he feels:
From the "Hindu Fakeers," with their wierd occult lore,
He has stripped all the magical seals.
Tho he lives in the present, his soul's in the past;
Mid inscriptions and drawings so old;
And he figures the force makes the world whirl so fast
With a pencil, whose strokes sure are bold.

III.

The aurora, he says, is electrical force;
In straight lines and in circles it runs;
It is light without heat, and it follows, of course,
That it guides earth, moon, stars and the suns.
From one force in a circle, one in a straight line,
An elliptic 'tis easy to form—
'Tis this dominant force that makes the sun shine,
And it marks out the path of the storm:
It changes the seasons and it makes day and night,
For it causes the world to go 'round!
'Tis the source of all life, and its terrible might
Is exerted with never a sound.

IV.

Tho my hair is so long, and my beard it has grown
Since the would-be wise showed what they knew,
They will never be cut until fully I've shown
That this force holds the universe true.

That the ancient Egyptians, with all their lost arts,
Were sure nothing ahead of our day;
That the Hindus of old, with their tablets and charts,
They knew not any more than we may:
That the forces of nature are constant and true,
But they still may be harnessed by man:
That polarity changed can be, easy, by you;
And 'lectricity 's easy to can.

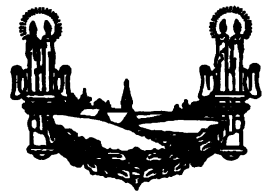
V.

The location of mine'rals, 'tis easy to see,
Can be shown by the "ray" they give out;
And beneath yonder mountain, what e'er there may be—
E'en the lost channels' deep hidden route—
May be shown by an instrument, delicate, fine;
'Twill record softest zephyrs of air;
It would tell if the pole of the earth's out of line,
By so much as a delicate hair;
'Twill record the formation thro thousands of feet,
And if gold 's present there, it will show;
You can prospect with this while you're dressed all so neat,
Spic and span from your head to your toe.

VI.

So what now need I care for the length of my hair,
Or what those around me are saying;
For soon, now, I'll be rich, and with never a care
For noise of these donkeys a 'braying.

The occult laws of India I'll then set to work
To make wise men from babbling fools;
From the Heathen Chinee, with his ne'er ending smirk,
I'll get wisdom ahead of all schools.
The millenium dawn will be nearer by far,
And knowledge more firmly established,
When the book I have written, like light from fixed star,
Spreads wisdom 's glow, as 'twill when published.



HER TEMPERATURE 'S FORTY BELOW.

("Old Glory," of the Mounted Police Force of early days, plays doctor.)

Of all of the tales that I've heard of the North
And of men who've fought cold, wind and snow—
Who've travelled the lone trails that lead back and forth
In the land where the polar winds blow,
There's none that can equal this tale of a cow,
With her temp'rature forty below.

II.

"Old Glory," so bold, of the Mounted Police,
Took good care of the live stock so fine,
Extolling their virtues he never would cease,
And he kept their coats always ashine;
Till on one cold day bossie wouldn't eat hay
And some fever developed, they say.

III.

Not being a doctor, "Old Glory," I hear,
Reported the case to Headquarters.
"The cow's very sick, sorr, and sadly I fear
She'll soon list among the departers."
Then swift came the order that started the row—
"The thermometer—quick—take her temp'rature now."

IV.

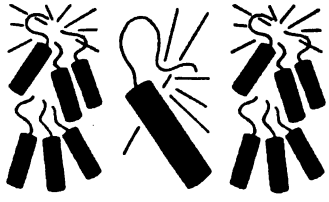
Not being a doctor, as I said before,
"Old Glory" had not had much practice.
He looked the thermometer over, and swore,
And sad to relate, but the fact is,
He didn't know which end to put in her—mouth
And fin'ly decided to lessen the drouth.

V.

A nip then he took from a bottle, I fear,
Then once more he looked the thing over.
A nip or two more, as he felt somewhat queer,
Then decided the long end he'd cover;
For they both looked alike, save one had some marks,
So, thought he, "Major's up to one of his larks."

VI.

He patiently waited a minute or more,
Marking time by a watch that was old,
Then back to the major when he read the score,
And reported, at least so I'm told,
"The cow has a cold, 'tis not fever, you know,
For her temp'rature's forty below."



FOUR HEROES BOLD.

Now we meet on the shore of Lake LaBarge
In a cove that was sheltered, you see,
The wind blew fierce down the mountainous gorge—
Witch ridden waves, in devilish glee,
Pounded and thundered the base of the cliff
And sucked back o'er the beach with a sigh,
When 'round the point, in a ricketty skiff,
Came four men, with a sail hoisted high.

II.

We quick reached the beach, and sent out a hail
With the strength of a terrible fear,
To quick put about, and take in that sail
'Ere the mouth of the cove they should clear.
Danger and death lurked abroad in the air,
But they laughed it to scorn and kept on:
Drove straight for the cliff in front of them there,
And we surely did think they were gone.

III.

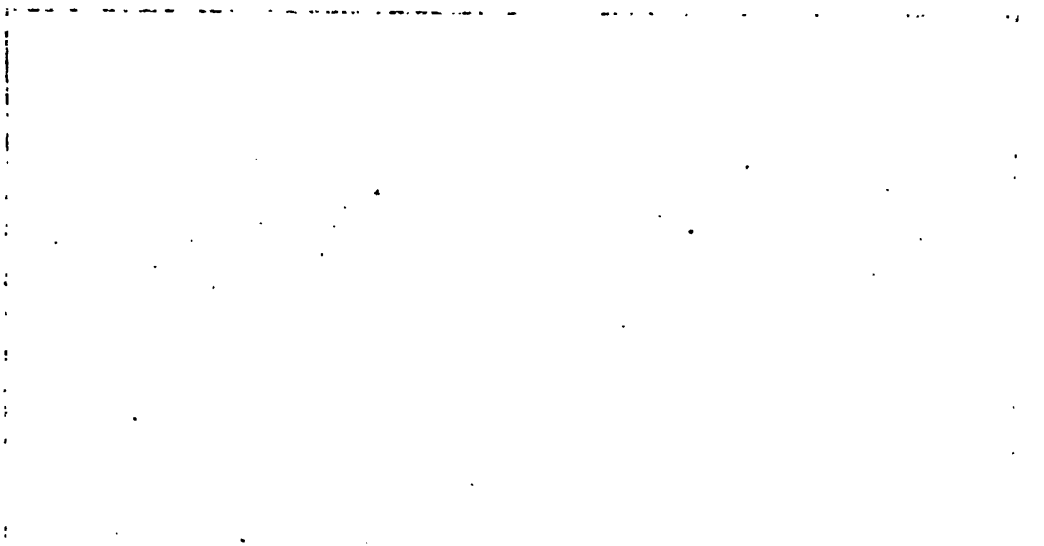
The Devil, it seems, takes care of his own,
For as quick as the boat struck the beach,
Camp outfit and tools went down like a stone,
Though in safety they managed to reach
A cleft in the cliff, and beach that ran down
And afforded them standing room each.

IV.

Right, left, behind, the rock rose like a wall,
While the angry waves roared at the front.
They clung to the boat, for it was their all,
And they bailed out that rotten old punt;
Then watched their chance, on a wave not too high
They pushed off, and all scrambled aboard;
Fighting for life, while we heaved a deep sigh
And commended their souls to the Lord.

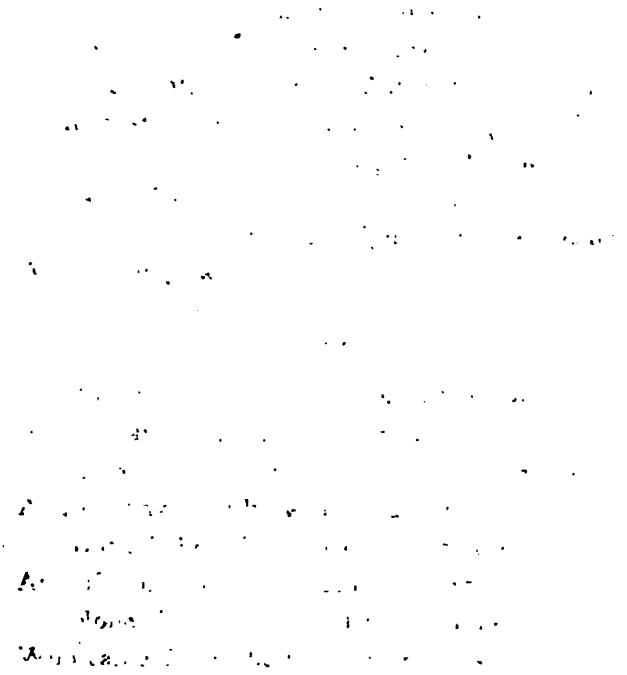
V.

Then our party of three, Pete Mullen, me,
And a prospector long, gaunt, and old,
Stood watching the struggle, longing to see
The poor wretches win out, who 're so bold.
They paddled, they rowed, they cussed and they prayed
And at last they won clear of the bluff;
A landing then made and three days they stayed,
Till the waters no longer were rough.



A Dog Team was her coach and four; Her footman at the Gee Pole mushed,o'er many weary miles. Page 19.

Round camp fire that night,—page 41.



VI.

Then back to our fires and wickiups three
And our dinner of bacon and beans
We went, and were glad it had'nt been we
That must sleep in our water-soaked jeans.
Round camp fire that night, with pipes all alight,
And all rolled in our blankets so snug,
Our hearts sure were light, our faces so bright
And of coffee we'd many a mug.

VI.

And stories we told, of days that were old,
And of hardships on many a trail;
Of nights that were dark and days that were cold,
And of long months without any mail;
But all the tales that of danger were told,
And of storms of wind, rain, snow and hail,
None that could equal the four heroes bold
Who came down the lake under full sail.

JO M'FRAU ON "PAI'NEER BALL," DAWSON.

D' Yukon Ol' Pai'neer, tonight she 'll hol' one gran' "Hat 'Ome,"
Han' eef you would see faces braight, from heel-saide you weel roam.
T'rouhaout th' year shes mak' good cheer hon reglar meetin' night,
W'en Pai'neers hol' forget th' gol' han seet, segars halight,
Han pass th' time with tales o' mine, han hont an' feesh once more
From Lac LaBarge to Skagway taoun; They'll draw hon mem'ry's store
Han pass th' hev'ning ver' ple'saant, wit' bacon, bean an' beer;
Han travel once more ho'er th' trail from Skagway taoun t' here.

II.

But 'tain't been 'nough, Hol' mans shes t'ink hon
womans han' d' keed;
Shes mak' one gran' Hat 'Ome, 'ees say, han; den
we lif' d' leed.
So den shes mak' one gran' prepare—for weeks 'ees
mak' readee,
Han' w'en d' night shes com' you'll fin' to heat
dere 'ees plantee.
D' floor shes mak' polesh lak glass, d' museek 'ee'll
com' too;
Wit' story, song, han' social glass she'll HEN-
TERTAIN a few.
Dem Hol' Pai'neer, from far an' near, 'ees moosh d'
trail tonaight,
For eef 'TEES honly once a year, she's kep' d'
mem'ry braight.

III.

Den Tom Ho'Brine shes tak' d' stan' han' tell 'em, one
an' hall,
Dat dey shall mak' one beeg enjoy at dis Gran'
Pai'neer Ball.
D' museek 'ees begeen t' play, han' den, upon d' floor,
Een Hol' tam' dance we soon will sway, jus' lak'
we're yong once mor'.
Quadreels, coteelions, V'ginia reels, we'll dance once
mor' tonaight,
For dees ees one gran' Pai'neer Ball, hol' taimes to
keep halaight.

Han' den we'll tell some story, too, 'bout mooshin' down d' trail
Han' Jerry Doody 'll seeng one song, 'baout trav'l-in' hon d' rail.

IV.

Han' den we'll go once more down stair—Haur crowd shes get so beeg
Hon 'all hof Moose we mus' prepare for dance, an' d' beeg feed.

Dem Ol' Paineer from far an' near, ees Moosh de Trail—

D' ladies hall 'ees breeng som' caik—d' mans shes breeng som' bean,
An' Brother Palm th' coffee 'll mak'—lak hol' taim eett weel seem.
D' leetle keed, shes heat 'ees feel w'en hat d' Pai'neer Ball,
Han' ron an' play, an' dance an' seeng, lak' ees now'ere hat all.

An' hol' folks, she'll go back hup stair an' dance teel
break of day;
Han' then we'll all moosh-on back 'ome hanother
year to stay.

V.

T'rouhaut th' year long haurs we'll cheer wit' mem'ries
hof dis naight;
Hof dance, han' song, an' story, too, an' many
faces braight.
From hev'ry kontry, hev'ry flag, dem Pai'neer shes
been com',
Han' w'en eet comes to hentertain they're not to
be hautdone.
Dat Pai'neer Ball, she bes' of hall, d' whole long winter
t'rough,
For Pai'neer WONT tak' seat behin' shes WEEL
NOT been hautdo.
An' so we'll hall moosh-on back 'ome han' stay teel
sommer 'll com'—
Han' den we'll com' to taoun once more w'en
Pai'neer Day comes roun'.

YOUKON AT THE FRONT.

War's wild alarm has sounded far and wide;
An enemy the gauntlet has flung down.
Where'er the British flag floats o'er the tide;
In every hamlet 'neath the British crown,
Brave men are hast'ning to the country's aid;
The music of the fife and drum is heard;
For ruthless German bandit MUST be stayed,
And ev'ry patriotic heart is stirred.

II.

Fair Yukon in the 'frozen northland" lies,
But that's no reason she will lag behind.
Where valor's counted, 'twill be found she vies
With any part 'f our empire you can find.
So up spake one named Joseph Whiteside Boyle—
I'll see that Yukon's represented there.
A Yukon Gun Corps 'll help our foes to foil,
So fifty men we'll add to Britain's share.

III.

For this north country's sure been good to me;
I owe to her a debt I'll ne'er repay.
Although I've struggled long and hard to be
In the position that I am today,
I'll ne'er forget hard days with pick and pan,
When grubstake looked to me a mine of wealth;
When swift away the hard earned dollars ran
And all that I had left to me was health.

IV.

It seemed Dame Fortune knew not how to smile,
But still I plugged along, and fought my way;
And not until I saw the tailing pile
From mammoth dredges, growing, day by day;
Then—not till then—I knew I'd struck my gait;
Knew that at last I'd see my dreams come true—
Dreams of a Northland truly good and great—
And now it all lies spread before my view.

V.

The valley's floor is up torn by machine,
Tho man made, driv'n by nature's greatest force.
The gold is strip'd from hillside and ravine
In quantities would load the strongest horse.
With water's giant force, from mountain lake
The mountain's guts are ripp'd and scattered far;
When season's done, we from the riffles take
Much gold, where hydro giant 's left a scar.

VI.

But Empire's call is ringing in my ears.
I could not rest in peace, did I delay.
The flag I honor calls for volunteers,
And, tho I'm past the military day,
I were ungrateful did I not give heed
And do my little mite the best I may
To help my country, in her time of need,
And thus in part, my debt to her repay.

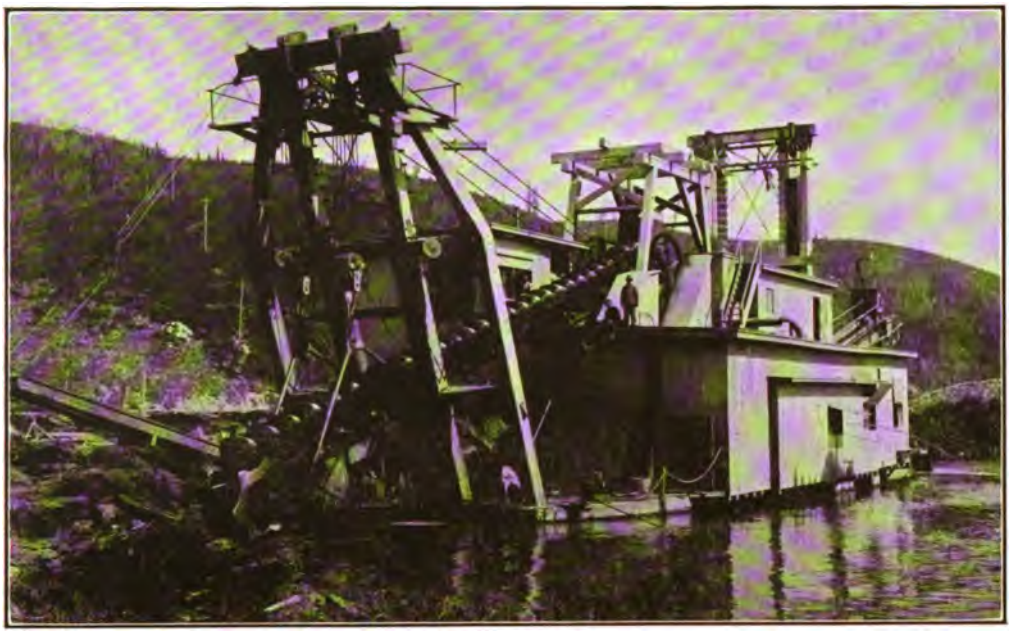
VII.

Then quick a call went out for volunteers;
A bright, new quick-fire gun they'll take along;
And, tho they're NOT the Irish Fusileers,
You'll find them face the cannon with a song.
Full quickly, then, the places all were filled
With men who've braved the Northland's fiercest death:
Then marched and trained until they all were skilled—
All Dawson cheered them, with a single breath.

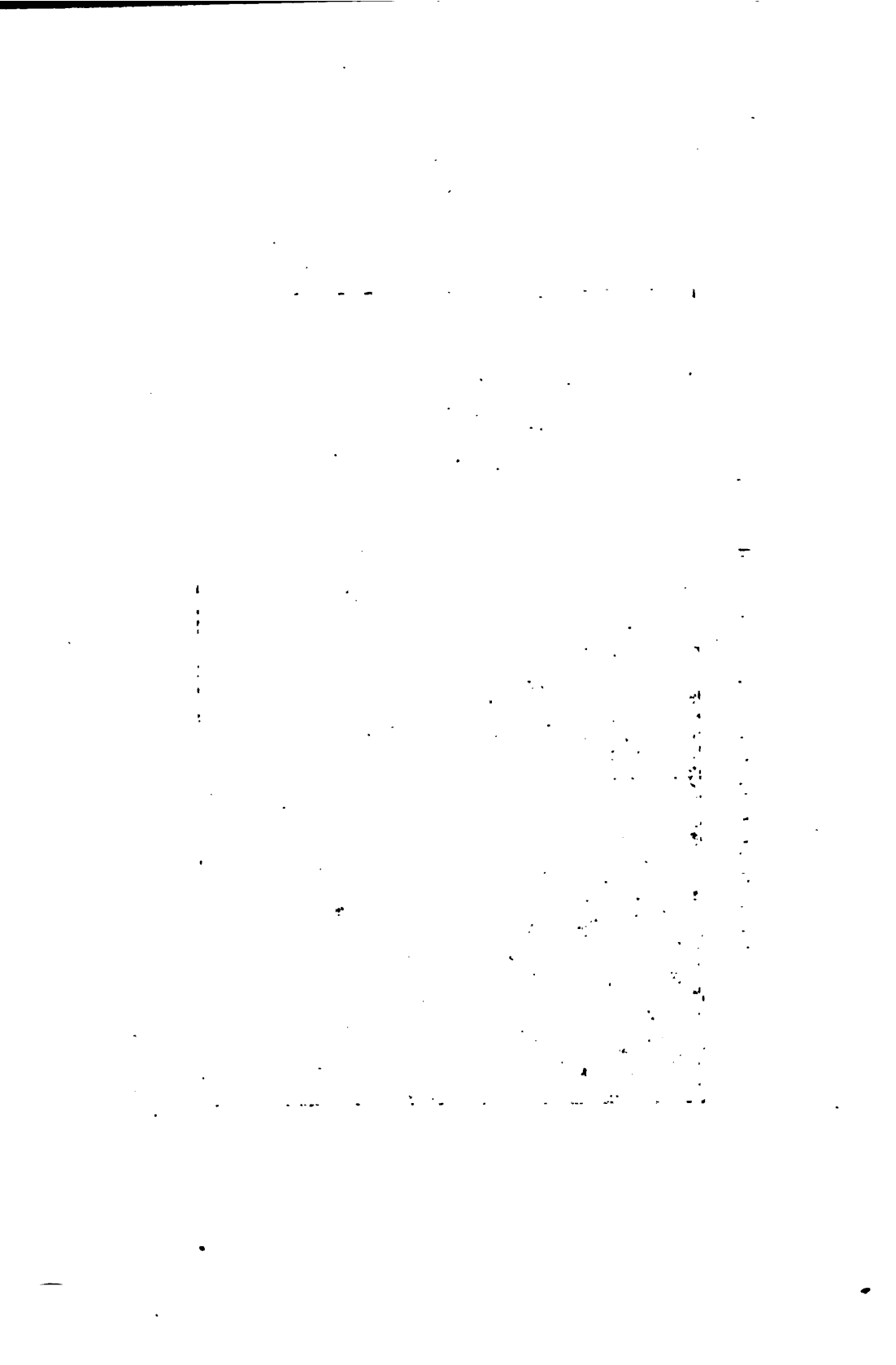
VIII.

At training camp they cheered our skookum men;
In feats of strength all comers they subdued,
Till news of battles reached the camp, and then
With fighting spirit they were sure imbued.
I pity Germans when THEY reach the front—
This bold contingent from a frozen land—

Then quick a call went out for volunteers Page 48.



And not until I saw the tailing pile from mammoth dredges—page 47.



They'll stand THEIR share of battle's fiercest brunt
And make us proud of Boyle's Gun — YUKON MANNED.

IX.

All honor to the man behind the gun.
All honor to the man who placed him there,
Who, tho his three score years WERE nearly run,
So willingly contributed his share.
Of Boyle's Gun Corps, the Yukon well may feel
That pride which justly comes from duty done:
They're MEN, who're worthy any foeman's steel:
We're proud of them—they're proud—to man that gun.

LIFE.

Life is like the Yukon River
Flowing constant towards the pole,
Till a chill like that of winter
Shroud of white casts o'er the whole—
But the current has not halted;
Stronger still the undertow—
Bye and bye the warmth of summer
Melts away the icy pall
And up springs another flower,
To replace the ones that fall.
Thus the bread of life is salted
By the hope we soon shall go.

II.

Thus our lov'd ones, gone before us,
Like a magnet to the north
Hold us true, till Heav'nly chorus
Bids us on long journey forth—
Forth, to where our lov'd ones, waiting,
Beckon us with open arms—
Thus our lives, like Yukon River
Flowing, constant, towards the pole,
Constant flow, nor halting ever,
'Neath all crosses, toward Great Whole—
Till at last, these earth ties breaking,
Glad we go, with no alarms.

A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The hills are stripped of coats o' green
And donning robes of white;
The rivers bound in icy sheen
For six-months-winter night.
The Northern Lights across the sky
Are dancing back and forth;
The lakes in frozen bondage lie,
Through all the dreary North.

II.

Drear, did I say, 'tis hardly square
To thus malign a land
So full of beauties rich and rare,
Spread out with lavish hand.
With treasure trove of golden wealth
She gluts the hands that seek;
The body thrills with rugged health;
All nature seems to speak.

III.

When Nature, like a woman, lies
Her down in robes of white,
Why don't we look with lustful eyes,
Instead of shiv'ring quite
At thought of six months in her arms,
And list'ning to the voice
That lures us on with many charms?
Why: That SHOULD BE man's choice.

IV.

Through endless days we toil and moil
Beneath the summer's sun;
The winter's rest is soothing oil,
And time doth quickly run.
The sands of time would quickly fly;
We'd soon be in the tomb,
If in the winter sun was high
Like in the month of June.

V.

While winter spreads white robe de'nuit
And Jack Frost nips our nose,
The forest glen of game we loot,
And, when the north wind blows,
By cheerful fire we sit and plan,
And never once repine.
We take our rest while 'ere we can,
And get in fettle fine.

VI.

The rivers soon, with giant strength,
Aside will hurl their bonds;
And creeks, that are of lesser length,
The lakes, and smaller ponds,
Will ripple 'neath the breezes breath
The while rare flowers grow:
All nature shouts—"There is no Death.
I SLEEP, beneath the snow.

Fishing in the Klondyke River.

VII.

Higher and higher climbs the sun;
Darkness has given place
To days that twice round clock do run

In never ending chase.
Flowers that sprouted yesterday,
Tomorrow 'll be in bloom;
Hills draped will be in colors gay,
All fresh from Nature's loom.

VIII.

With pick and pan then forth we'll go
And stake us out a claim,
And work from dawn till sun is low,
And ne'er again we'll blame
Dame Nature for long winter's rest,
For frost and ice and snow;
For men, like flowers they love the best,
NEED resting up, you know.

IX.

And so, we see, Old Winter's sway
O'er frozen Northland white,
Renews our youth, and seems to say,
"You see that I am right.
"Without my nights so long and dark
"You'd never rest from moil,
"Nor see Aurora's 'lectric spark,
"Nor yet the Huskies' toil."

X.

"I bring NO shroud. A robe de'nuit;
"With which I cover o'er
"Poor naked Nature, head to foot,

"And spread upon the floor
"A coverlet of fleecy down
"So pure and milky white
"It softens even night's dark frown,
"And aids fair Luna's light."

XI.

"Frown not upon me, I'm Your friend.
"You need my frost so bold.
"When Springtime comes, to you I'll lend
"Assistance worth ten fold;
"Water, to help you in your work—
"To help you get the gold.
" 'Twill work, and work, and never shirk,
"So BLESS the Winter's cold."

The valley's floor is up-torn by machine—page 47. Guggenheim dredge and steam thawing plant.

"Oh, Daddy, you've SURELY been drinking booze.
"Can we go tonight to the dance, or show?"
And then—"See all the fellows we had in tow.
"This one said that and that one said so—
"Why ever on earth did Daddikins go?
"He wasn't shaved and he wasn't dressed—
"No matter 'f he DIDN'T have any rest.
"Lets go to the Summitt, and see the sun,
"For surely we girls will have lots of fun.
"A twenty mile drive, or thirty, or forty,
"Is nothing so we don't break up the party.
"One dance and a smile is enough for YOU
"For it ain't EVERY day that we see this crew;"
And its all so nice and nothing the matter
Till Daddy asks favors, MY, then what a clatter.
"The darned old grouch, what's he care for us?
"We've danced all night and the house in a muss;
"He ought to know better'n ask anyone up—
"He should come home alone—be content with a sup.
"We want money for this and for that and the other;
"Why don't he GET IT and quit his bother.
"No matter 'f business ain't going right,
"He sh'd throw it aside when he comes home at night
"And take the bunch out for an evening of joy,"
And bring along some OTHER darling boy
To sit in the back and whisper soft nothings
Which Daddy can't hear, for the engines' puffings,—
As he sits in front and talks to the driver,
And over the trip spends more than one fiver—

Or pinch us and squeeze us while at the dance—
If Daddy did that he'd be killed, with a glance
From eyes that once used to shine with love
As pure and sweet as the Heaven above;
But now the old fool is getting too old;
Other arms are pleasanter far to enfold.
Honeyed words and soft nothings spoke by a stranger
Soon make her forgetful of all of the danger

Landing at Dawson in the Early Days.

Of wagging tongues, or the breath of scandal
Which needs but a touch from the flame of a candle
To start such a row as would soon swamp a nation—
But "Daddy will stop it, or stop all creation.
"Yes, he's a good fellow to have around handy
"To take one to dances, affairs and buy candy,
"Fruits, dresses and what not—its nothing to him;
"If you choose to do this, why don't mind his whim;

"His grouches are harmless and soon gotten over—
"All it takes is some soft words, a kiss, come now lover.
"But when he expects one always to love him
"He shouldn't stay round where he'd always be shovin'
"Himself on one's notice three times a day,
"For it's pleasanter far, when he's out and away
"In the hills for a month, maybe two, maybe more,
"Oh, then I can stand him a day, two, or three,
"And put up with his kissings and lovings galore,
"'Cause I know I will get what I want, don't you see,
"And a good time I'll have while we're out for a tear
"While I work him for nice things to eat, drink and wear.
"Of course I would like to see him well dressed—
"I'm ashamed of him this way, it must be confessed;
"But he says that he cannot afford to buy clothes;
"Though he'd spend his last dollar to get me a rose,
"Then back to the hills, and work like a tartar
"To earn more money for kisses to barter."

THE OLD PIONEERS' SOLILOQUY.

Yes, Pard, we're a goin' ter mush out.
Eighteen year is too long to stay here;
An', aside fr'm roomatics an' gout,
I must admit feelin' some queer.
I'm not quite so young as I was
An' my han's will git trembly, too—
Still, I don't begrudge stayin' here, 'cause
If I hadn't, I'd never met you.

II.

An' together we've mushed o'er these hills
Crazed with lust for the muck they call gold,
An' we've tunnell'd an' muck'd 'neath the sills
Of the mountains, defying the cold
An' th' frost, an' th' fierce, icy chill
Of th' ice chain'd earth all around—
'Twas a wonder we didn't fall ill,
Although better pay couldn't be found.

III.

But along came Joe Boyle, with his "drudge"
An' th' Googs are 'way up on th' hill—
An' they wanted to buy—Would I budge?
Not till I'd no room left to fill—
For our tailings we daren't let go;
We must keep them banked inside the line,
Tho the Comp'ny's land, down below,
Would have held all we had mighty fine.

IV.

So now we've sold out for a pittance;
Tho we've froze an' we've starved night an' day,
Th' Comp'ny now says we're good riddance,
That, too, after we blazed out th' way.
Without us an' others that's like us
Fer to pioneer an' prove th' ground—
To take what we got an' make no fuss,
All this gold wouldn't never BEEN found.

V.

We're goin' back over th' White Pass,
But we WON'T have to MUSH down th' trail;
We'll travel this time in th' first class—
We MUSHED in, we'll RIDE BACK, on th' rail.
We're worn out with all th' wild scramble,
With th' hardship, privation an' care;
But headed south on a long ramble,
With money enough an' to spare.

VI.

There's millions yet where we were diggin'
An' th' Comp'ny'll get it all now,
But somehow, of late I've been figg'rin'
Why we MADE such a deuce of a row.
We haven't much longer to stay here—
We can't take it across the Divide—
An' I for one, surely have no fear
That we shan't have enough to pervide.

Pioneer Party sailing across Lake LeBarge.

VII.

We might have gone out years ago, pard,
An' we had just as much then as now;
But then, too, it surely DID look hard
To th' Comp'ny's yoke fer to bow.

Kind o' semed th' land all around here
Should belong to th' Pioneers old;
An' 'twould, if only they'd steered clear
Of th' hooch an' th' decks that were cold.

VIII.

We'll mush out aboard of a steamer
With our dust belted tight to our hides,
Nor stop once to visit no schemer
That 'd like to give us some free rides
In a new self-start 'notty-mo-bile
That'd whisk us so swiftly away
That we'd think we wus puttin' on style—
An' then soon we'd be back—ON A LAY.

IX.

We're gettin' too old fer that now, pard,
So let's mush, while th' mushin' is good.
Th' dust in our pokes was all earn'd hard—
Better friend never yet by us stood.
Outside in th' winter there's roses
'N' strawberries 'n' all kin's o' fruit,
So, instead of freezin' our noses,
Let's shake 'em all—ev'ry galoot.

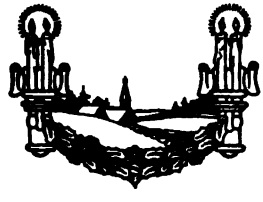
X.

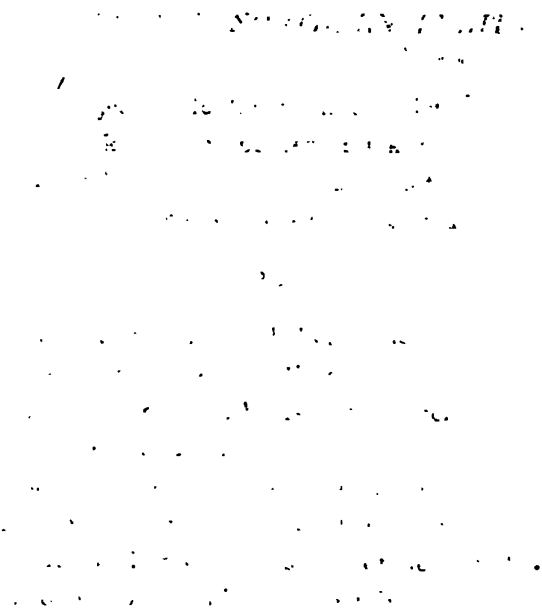
Yes, we'll hike where th' roses is bloomin'
An' when fruit we have eaten—our fill—
There'll be no Comp'ny "presumin'
That they'll use our camp site fer a mill."

We'll jes' settle down kinder quiet
On th' bank of some peaceable lake;
An' th' cuss that starts any riot
Will soon find that we're still wide awake.

XI.

We'll travel the trail then together
Till we come to the partin' of ways.
We're surely two birds of a feather
An' will be till th' end of our days.
So goodbye to glorious Northland—
For th' earnest man sure she'll pervide,
But mucker who eats out of her hand—
He had surely much better have died.





W'en Paineer Day comes raun'—JOE M'FRAU—page 45. Part of parade on Pioneer, or Discovery Day.

Pioneer Parade forming in front of Pioneer Hall, Dawson, August 17th, 1914. Several here have since Mushed On.

WHERE JOHN CHINAMAN GOT HIS SMILE.

The Yukon Territory is the only State or Territory on the American Continent where there are absolutely no Chinamen. In the early days a colony of them got as far as White Horse but were instantly run out of the country and not one has ever ventured in since.

A smile that wont fade hath the Heathen Chinee,
Tho he 's wandered the earth back and forth;
And the reason for this 'tis now easy to see—
For John once invaded the North.

II.

He had sailed in a ship that was staunch, true and bold,
In numbers sufficiently strong,
And he had wondrous visions of getting the gold
Thru a "laundly," run by Wun Fong.

III.

There was Wun Lung, Tu Fee, Wun Fong and Ah Kee,
Hop Long, Hop Sing and Ah Fook,
Sing Gee, Hop Loy, Ah Jung, Ah Foy, Man Fah Gee,
Lee Wing, Ah Sing and Mar Gook—

IV.

And four dozen more,—at least so 'tis swore
By White Horse historian old—
Who had heard of "much washee' on far Klondyke shore,
So thought they would come get the gold.

V.

They arrived in due time at historic Skagtown,
And, reckless of cost or expense,
Took passage on train that would quick set them down
On Canadian side of the fence.

VI.

Now the smile that they wore was a glory to see—
They never once thought of the cold—
Thus two full box car loads of plain Heathen Chinee
Invaded the land of the gold.

VII.

As they pass'd o'er the Summit, the cold grew intense,
Still they smiled as they thought of the gold,
And thought sure that they'd quickly make up the expense,
So smiled on in spite of the cold.

VIII.

When they landed at White Horse 'twas late in the night;
They smiled in their dreams until dawn;
Then were waked with a start before it was light
By grim men with weapons all drawn.

IX.

They were hustled back onto the train with a rush,
And, not being able to savey

Dawson at Sixty Below.

"New Melican talk," such as Vamoose! and Mush!
Still dream'd of their pokes getting heavy.

X.

Then the train quick pulled out with a jerk and a roar;
And John still continued to smile.
He heard the conductor sing out "All Abo-o-o-a-r' "
And dreamed of "much washee" the while.

XI.

The grade 's not so heavy across the divide;
The train whisked them quickly along;
So long 'ere John's spirits had had time to subside,
At the Summit, where Frost King is strong,

XII.

His face froze, like a mask, and it ne'er has thawed out,
Tho that smile has sure won him renown,
And his visions of wealth all went quick up the spout
As the train pulled back into Skagtown.

BABY'S FAREWELL.

Daddy's girl has got to leave him,
Got to leave dear Mamma, too.
Tell my brothers that I love them
Just as much as I do you;
But I'm going over yonder
To a bright, Celestial home.
Do not mourn, nor sit and ponder—
I'll NOT leave you all alone.
I will constant 'round you hover,
Guide your steps, all danger thru;
Still I'll be your "little lover"—
Baby's love will make you true
To yourselves, and little brothers,
Till we meet to part no more,
That your lives may mark, for others,
Pathway to the Golden Shore.

II.

"Mamma's girl" has got to leave her;
From "Dear Daddy" she must go;
Leave behind each little brother—
I can't linger here below.

In a home that's over yonder
I will Oh! so happy be;
Guarded by a love that's fonder
Than on earth I e'er could see.
Do not mourn because I leave you—
I will not be far away.
I must go—some day you'll come too—
Meet me there—forever stay.

III.

Then when we meet over yonder
Sorrow we no more shall know.
Then, too, you no more will wonder
Why it is I'm glad to go.
Glad! but sorry you are grieving!
For I must point out the way.
Tho a little child, I'm leading,
Else I sure would want to stay;
For "A little child shall lead them,"
Teacher said at Sunday School—
"Like yourselves, your neighbor, love him"—
'Tis the best—the Golden Rule.

IV.

All my little playthings, "mam-mee,"
Give some other little girl—
One that's lost her mamma dearie,
No one left her hair to curl.
Wont you try to make her happy?
Thus obey the Golden Rule

And you thus will bring me daily
Closer, thru the Golden Rule.
'Twould be selfish, mother darling,
If my things you kept alway—
Tho I know your heart is breaking,
Do, dear mother, as I say,
And you'll be much more contented
While you wait the call to come,
Till at last your work is ended
And I come to take you home.

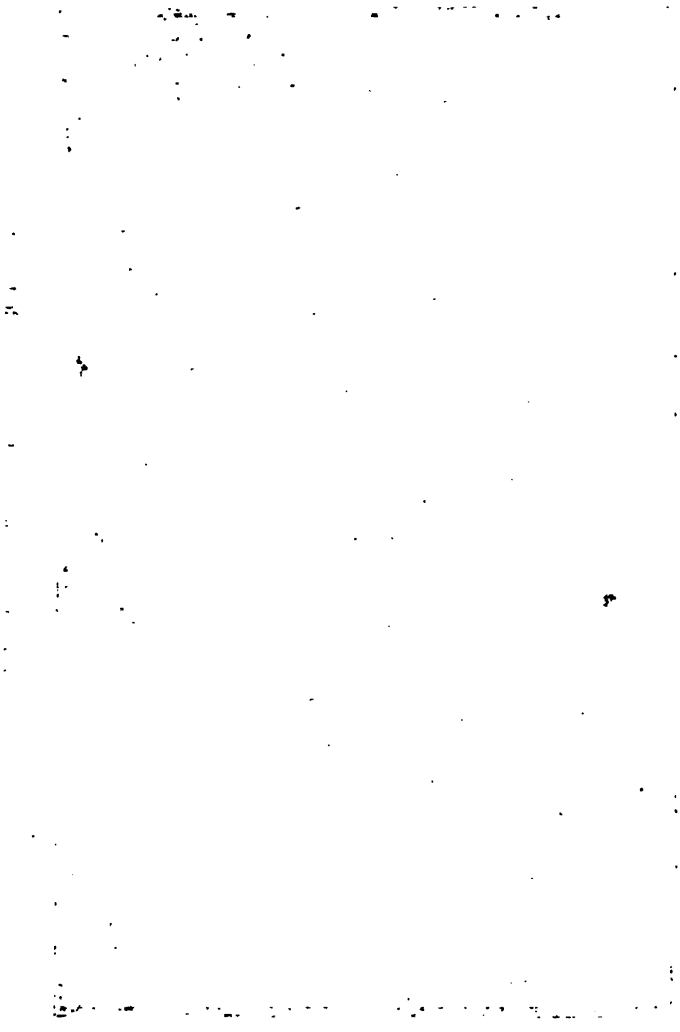
"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN."

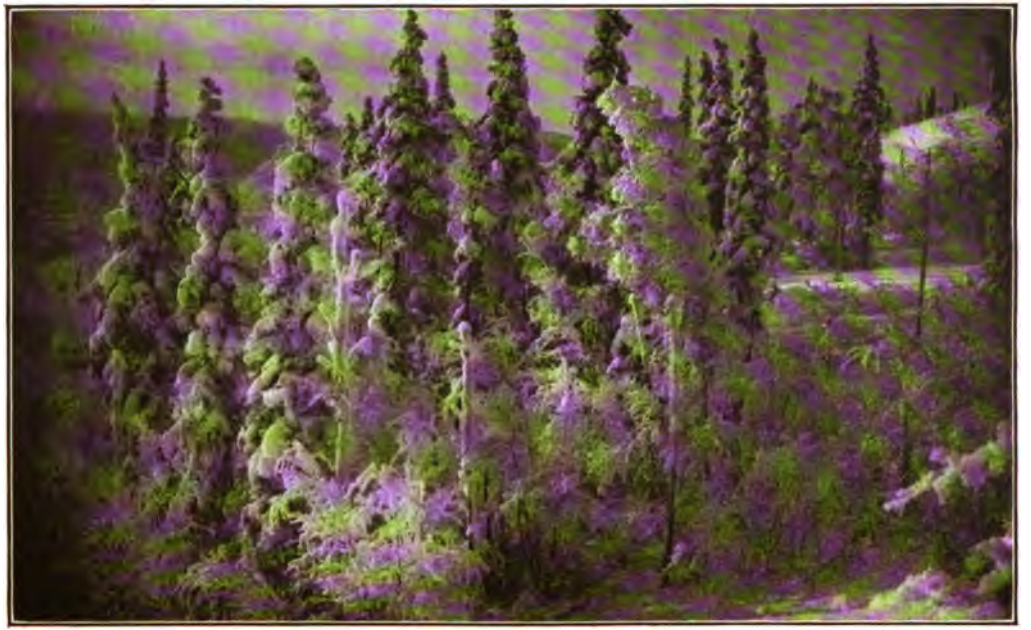
The Squaw Man Takes Issue With His Pard and Defends His Claim.

Oftentimes I sit and wonder
Out beneath the star gemm'd sky,
If I once more'll get out yonder—
Boyhood friends see 'fore I die.
Wonder if they, too, will shun me
As a thing that is accurst—
What my mother'd say, could she see—
See me at my very worst
With Nah-nee-nah hov'ring round me,
Face alight with honest love
As I play with half-breed Kiddie—
Hers and mine—a child of love.

II.

Yes, I know its shameful, pardner,
For white men to mix with them;
But a lonely man—like gard'ner,
As he flower plucks from stem—
Ain't inclin'd to be putick'lar





Stripp'd of coats o' green and donning robes of white—page 51.

When the flow'rs are far an' few;
An' Dan Cupid ain't no stickler
On th' color line, like you.

III.

God! th' lonesomeness I've felt here
Would have drove most men insane;
And, ag'in I'd been here six year—
Suff'red long lone weeks of pain
Ras'lin' with rheumatic fever,
Till at last Nah-nee-nah came—
Now, do you think I could leave her?
Since that time 'taint been th' same.

IV.

She it was when all my joints were
Swollen up with roomatiz,
Rubb'd 'em, with her little hands, sir,
Till it all was gone, an' 'tis
No wonder, when at last 'twas o'er
I forgot her skin was red—
An' took her to my heart to share
Half my grub an' half my bed.

V.

Tho her skin is red, her heart is
White as any other girl's
An' her footsteps just as light; 'tis
A wondrous row of pearls

She has for teeth, then, too, besides,
She's of royal blood at home:
So now, as she beside me rides,
As we thro these mountains roam,
Can you wonder that I love her—

Natives Gathering Wood.

That to her I'll be as true
As I e'er could to another—
Tell me, pard, what would YOU do?

VI.

Tho she's Injun she is HUMAN,
And if I SHOULD leave her now
I can see her in th' gloamin'—
'Neath the blow her head she'd bow.
Never once would she reproach me—
She would sorrow all alone—
Tell me, pard, if YOU can just see

How on earth I could atone.
Of her best her ALL she's given—
Truer wife you ne'er could meet;
And, pard, if there IS a Heaven
She will sit at Jesus' feet.

VII.

He it was, when men reviled him
'Cause he took poor woman's part,
Told 'em, "He that is without sin,"

Typical Native Children.

Let HIM th' stone throwin' start.
So when you galoots come pest'rin'—
Call me squaw man—have your fling.
If there's one of YOU without sin,
CALL me SQUAW MAN, but 'twill bring

Nary blush of shame to my face,
For of her I'm not ashamed;
Even tho she's not of my race,
She is human, and she's earn'd
All of life I've left to give her—
I were but a loathsome cad,
Pale of face but white of liver,
Did I cause her to be sad.

SOURDOUGH GARDEN SASS.

Mulloy, Cheechaco, Ridicules our Agricultural Efforts.

You say the land is sour and the climate is too cold;
That the sun has not the power that it had in days of old.
'Well, it may be that you're right—
'Twon't grow under Northern Light;
But this much I'm here to state, and you'll sure corroborate
My statement, by the time that I am through—'tis hard to bate
—Our Cabbage.

II.

Tho the summer's not so long, sure the sun is mighty strong;
No night chill sets the plant life back—'tis rather pushed along;
And if you had keener sight
'Tis just possible you might,
By watchin' careful, see 'em grow, like Jack's o' Beanstalk fame;

And then you might admit, tho it hurt a little bit, no other 's quite the same—
—Our Turnips,

III.

Ah, but now, says you, "me bhoy, there's wan thing that I enjoy
That yez can't grow in this frozen Northland yet"—
But, Mulloy,
With no hours of night to chill

Poling Boat. The principal means of transportation on many streams.

And the sun round like a mill
A shinin', North, South, East and West, all sides alike you see;
I am sure that you will find they can't grow outside—ah, me—
—Such Celery.

IV.

But, Mulloy came back once more, like the old determined bore
That he is, and says, says he, sure me bhoy, there's something more—

And I straightway asked him what,
Well, says he, take off yer hat
For the rale ould Irish spud—surely it can't be grown here.
But I answered, with a smile, sure you cannot beat, I fear,
—Our P'raters.

V.

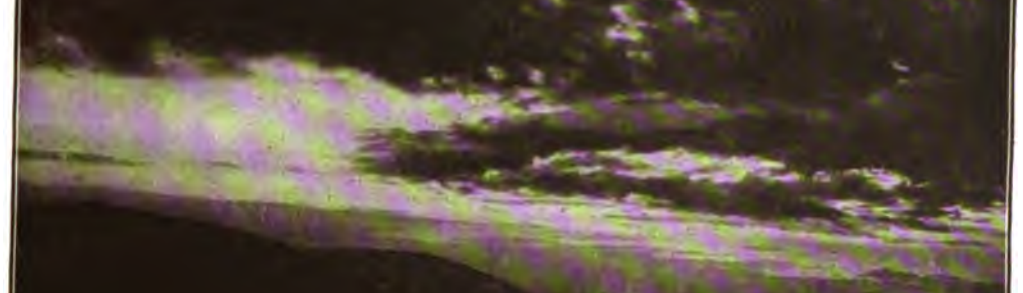
Down the street we slowly passed, talking, till we came, at last—

Miles Cannon, where many lost their lives. White Horse Rapids is just a little farther down stream.

Till we came upon the very thing I sought—Not so fast—
I cried, Mulloy, I've got you
You must admit it is true.
We beat the world for Garden Sass—its like you never saw,
For they're tender, sweet and firm and you'd fairly love them raw—
—Our Onions.

VI.

So as down the street we walked over Garden Sass we talked—
Of lettuce, spinach, radishes, and never once he balked.
For when he had been shown
All the Garden Sass we'd grown,
And nipped at this and broken' that—found them all crisp and fine,
Very soon he then declared that we had him—on our line
—Of Garden Sass.



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, Taken from Dawson, Y. T., Canada. Looking straight North.

The rivers soon, with giant strength, aside will hurl their bonds. Page 53.

THE ICE POOL.

Hark! ain't that the N. C. whistle,
  Sendin' out upon the air
Tidings such as no epistle
  E'er yet bro't by stage could bear—
That the long, long winter's broken
  (Soon a boat we'll see, no doubt).
Hurry, pard! I'm just a-chokin'—
  From th' cabin must get out.

II

Ice's movin', Pete! Come, Billy!
  Hurry up, don't miss the sight!
What's the minute—'leven, silly!
  Stranger pick'd up 'lev'n las' night!
Drifted in on the last stages,
  An' no sooner town he's struck
Than he makes a summer's wages
  Over this fool piece of luck.

III

Ev'ry one was feard o' 'leven,
'Cause it come on 'lev'n last year;
Superstition, too, queered seven,
Till 'long comes this stranger here.
Soon's he saw that them two numbers
Hadn't yet been took at all,
What's he do but poke unlimbers—
Three pools open—takes 'em all!

An Ice Pool. Filled, this would pay the winner $300.

IV

Must be he'd been in a crap game
An' won out on them two "figs"—
Figgr'd that his luck was still same,
So he writ down them six "sigs"

An' rakes down twelve hundred dollars
On investment mighty slim.
Gosh! I'll bet he more than hollers—
He'll be feelin' pretty trim.

V

Funny how the luck runs, pardner—
You an' I have play'd th' pools
Till we've gone without our dinner
Like a pair of bloomin' fools,

Christmas in Dawson in early days

An' we've never won a dollar—
No such luck for us, you see—
Ah, well! it's no use to holler;
Next year maybe us 'twill be.

VI

Then 'twill be our turn to holler,
An' we'll find we've lots of friends
That will help us spend a dollar—
There, too, many a frien'ship ends;

Time that one's got done a-treatin'
All the boys all over town,
'N' other frien's, too, we'd be meetin',
Pool we'd wish we'd not pull'd down.

VII

But there seems a fascination
'Bout the ice pools, ev'ry year;
Makes it hard as all tarnation
Not to write our names, for fear
That for once we might have hit it—
Even tho' th' prize we'd blow
In for wine, the very minute
That we got it—AIN'T IT SO?

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

Ten days now since the river opened, and nary a boat
in sight;
The mail all bunched up at the crossing—wonder 'f
she'll come tonight.
Which'll beat—the Vidette or the White Horse—Sid's
at the wheel, you know—
'F e'er there was daredevil let loose, it's Sid, when he's
out for to show
That "Sidestreams" is still in the runnin'—hasn't been
beaten as yet—
Tell you, pard, now I'm just a-bettin' they won't ahead
of him get.

II

Gosh! 'tis a long time a-waitin' for winter to wear
itself out,
And even after she's open, it seems like a month, just
about,
Till some one lets out a holler—"Ste-e-e-ambo-o-o-at!"
an' then we all race for the dock—
"There she comes 'round the bend! What'd I tell ya—
Sid comes on th' stroke o' th' clock.

"There's the White Horse behind him! A close race!
Hooray, boys, I've won a new hat!
"An' look at th' freight that's aboard her—they haven't
room left for a cat.
"Look, all the people aboard, too! Sid always does get
a big load!

White Pass City and the trail. White Pass in the distance.

"There's lots would sooner wait for him than get a free
pass down the road."

III

"Hurry, Sid! th' White Horse'll beat you! She's
swingin' a'ready to dock!
"See, there's Splotus, an' Hill; Mrs. Vining, an' Bill,
th' cigar man—

"Little Joe, an' th' Kid; Teddy, too, an' there's 'Millie' and Carman,

"Who come once a year; Gibson and 'Holz'—I didn't know he was out—

"And would you just look at the kids, too! Sid's got a load, just about,

Seward, Alaska, a few years ago. It looks much different now.

"But he sure's earn'd it, and b'sides, too, this will give some folks a shock."

IV

So at last the season is open, the event of the year has gone past,

An', pard, here's to you, an' I'm hopin' that this season's better than last.

Each year, as we gaze up th' river for th' smoke of first boat to arrive,

It sure sets me all of a quiver a wond'rin' how long
we'll survive.
Each year when th' first boat breaks open th' season
we've waited so long,
There's been some ol' frien's we'd been hopin' would
soon 'a' been husky an' strong
That we've planted up on th' hill-top—I wonder who'll
be next to go?
Of one thing I'm certain—that, sure pop, there's some
that won't see no more snow.

Flowers that sprouted yesterday—page 54.

FROZEN IN

On the sixth of November we started,
'Twas the latest start ever was known.
"Captain Sid" had, before we departed,
Ordered "wood that was dry as a bone,"
For the slush ice ran thick in the river
And a light scow ahead we must push;
Then a flurry of snow made us shiver,
So we bundled aboard with a rush.

II

Over one hundred souls were aboard her—
'Twas the little Vidette, if you please—
Tho' on shore we left many a croaker,
We bucked both ice and current with ease.
"Captain Sid" on upper deck standing,
Whistled out one long malamute howl,
While the hundreds who watched on the landing
Thot that sure in the ice we'd soon foul.

III

Course our progress was slow up the river,
What with pushing that useless old barge;
And it made more than one of us quiver
When the ice cakes began getting large.
Now both banks we kept watching for dry wood,
For the wood that we'd got wouldn't burn.
All night "Captain Sid" and his mates stood
Thinking sure they'd find some at each turn.

IV.

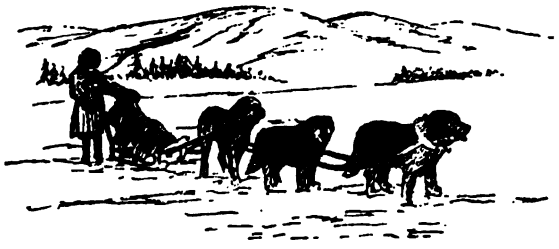
When at last we had reached lower crossing,
And the dangerous bar lay ahead,
We raked o'er all the wood pile, 'thout finding
Enough dry wood to make us a bed
For our fires, and feared our steam would run down
Before up at the bar we could tie
That barge, and reach dry pile that was known—
But not one of us thought to say die.

V

All went fine till we only had farther
A short eighth of a mile still to go,
And then, all on account of low water,
We all had to get out on the snow.
Then once more "Captain Sid" tried to make it,
Tho' he was forced to give up at last—
And then, almost before we had started,
We were stuck on the bar, hard and fast.

VI

For three days and three nights we remained there,
Altho' efforts heroic were made,
But at last we got clear, and I'll now swear
That not one single soul was afraid,
Tho' the ice that had struck us was heavy,



Oh the way back to Dawsan.

Such a staunch little craft, the Vidette,
With a captain and crew that were nervy
We tho't that we'd win over it yet.

VII

Now free from the bar, with ice all aroar—
'Twas ahead, on each side and astern—
We fought inch by inch—around point we wore,
And then once more had dry wood to burn.
But days we had lost, we found, to our cost,
Had lowered the water still farther;
Our progress was slow, and much wood we tossed
Into furnace—ice getting harder.

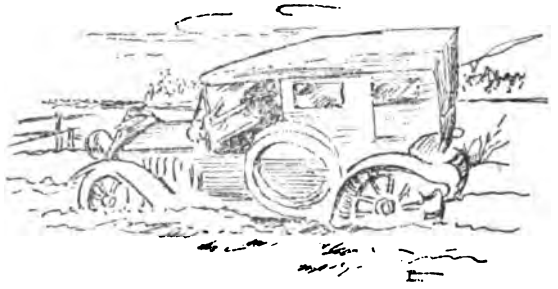
VIII

At last we gave up and shelter we took,
At spot near a telegraph station;

Then wired to Dawson and told them we'd look
For assistance—tho' we had ration.
All Dawson turned out to rescue us quick,
Tho' we told them no need to hurry—
We were warm and dry—we'd blankets so thick,
And some of us coats that were furry.

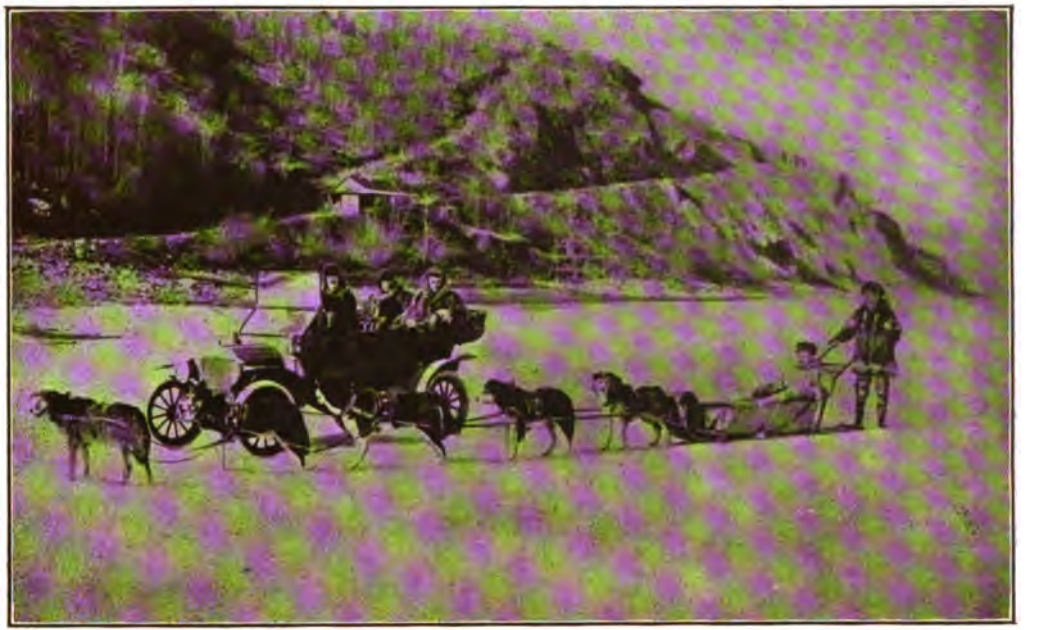
IX

The river at last closed in with a crash
And grinding of ice floes together—
We'd sawed the boat into safe little cache;



One of the first attempts to reach Dawson by auto.

And sure we did have some fine weather.
Then we set out—those could mush who were stout—
And those who were weaker were cared for;
A day's mush, about, lay end of our route—
Then more than one of us was footsore.



THE AUTO CRAZE STRIKES DAWSON—page 29. Start of a race between a Dog team and an Auto, winter of 1914. Murray S. Eads driving machine and Dan Cadzow, of Rampart House, with his own team of dogs.

Along came Joe Boyle, with his "drudge"—page 61. Canadian Klondyke Mining Co.'s dredge at Bonanza Basin, near Dawson, one of the two largest gold dredges in the world. The other is shown on page 49.

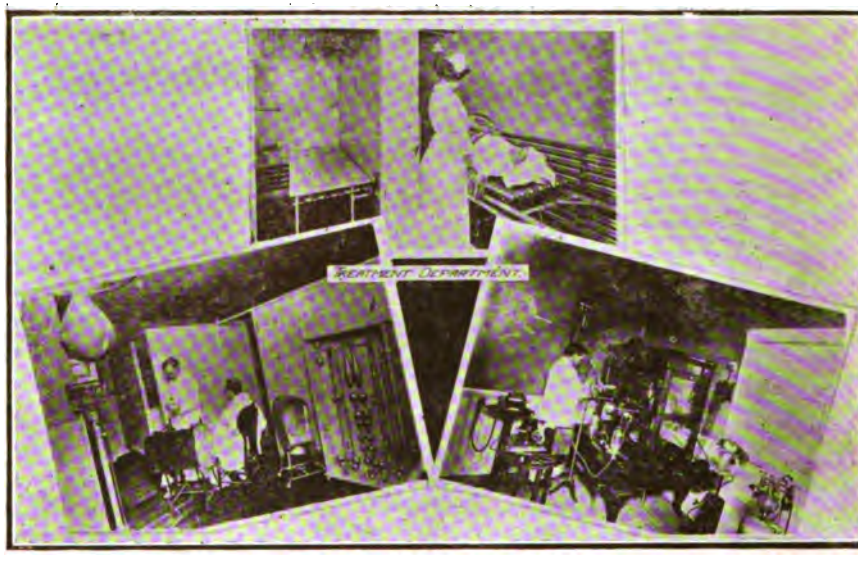
X

But—Dawson at last—we'd sure traveled fast,
And never a one did reproach us.
For brave "Captain Sid" a medal was cast—
We rode out upon White Pass coaches;
And still, to this day, the story is told,
Of brave "Captain Sid" and his doings—
He dared once too oft the fierce Northern cold,
But took with a smile heavy losings.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO DEAR OLD DAWSON.

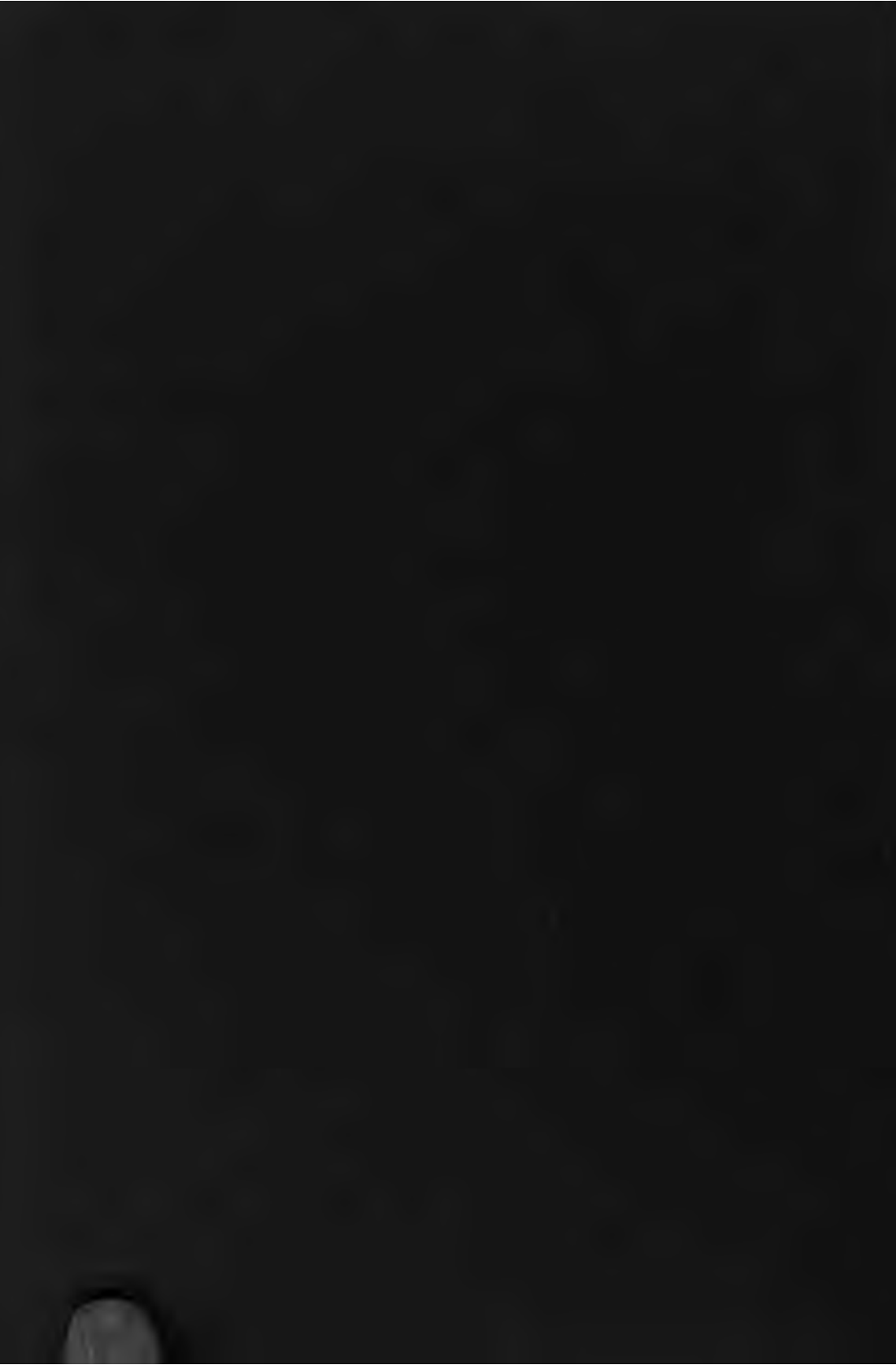
(Tune—"Tipperary.")

It's a long way to dear old Dawson,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to dear old Yukon,
To the land of ice and snow.
Good-bye, dear old Dawson;
Farewell, Klondyke Vale.
It's a long, long way to dear old Dawson,
But my heart's on the trail.



Three Fingered Pete, th' foreman, was took sick with roomatiz;
He'd been hittin' up th' Bourbon an' now was gettin' his;
So he hied him to a hospital, where "Doc." of great renown,
Pronounced his case too serious to be treated in that town:
Said Pete must hit th' trail again an' journey far "outside":
Anyway, he'd been here long enough, an' was due to take a ride.
So Pete began a lookin' fer some place on foreign strand
That had a reppytation, fer to take his case in hand.
He got from White Pass office all th' advertisin' dope

They had on hand, an' read it all, 'thout gettin' any hope,
Till from a tourist he one day a paper chanced to bum—
An' it befell he saw an ad invitin' him to come
An' bring his roomatiz along, to place in Portland town,
Where soon they'd take it out of him an' do his case up brown
An' do it all 'thout medicine, with Nature's means alone—
So quickly then he packed his grip, with man-ya grunt an' groan
An' bot thru ticket of first class, determined that he'd ride
In ease an' comfort o'er the trail, since he must go "outside."
At last he reach'd Old Portland town and place of which he'd read
And sure enough, he found that they used Nature's means, instead
Of giving medicine, th' roomatiz to cure, as well
All other human ailments, too, too numerous to tell.
He was some skeptic from the start—he simply could not see
How exercise an' heat an' sech, could take from out his knee
An' hips an' back, an' all his bones, th' pain he'd learn'd to dread
Till often he'd been heard to say he'd sooner far be dead.
But in due time Pete's roomatiz, like all things, came to end:
His hips an' back an' all his joints he found he now could bend
'Thout suff'rin' mortal agony each time he made a move—
Th' swellin', too, had left his hands—he now could wear a glove.
So in good time Pete hied him back unto th' North again—
His roomatiz now sure all gone—he hasn't e'ery pain
An' never tires of tellin' how all cases, as they come,
"Doc" Nisbeth treats with great success at San-i-tar-i-um,
An' that his worst in medicine is only aqua pure
An' that he draws from out th' clouds 'lectric'ty some to cure,
But treats 'em all, both great an' small, for ailments manifold—
For nerves, diseases mental, "diabeets," a common cold,
An' many other ailments, too—well, Pete he sure got his—
An' Bright's Disease he cures with ease—Oh! yes, an' roomatiz.



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